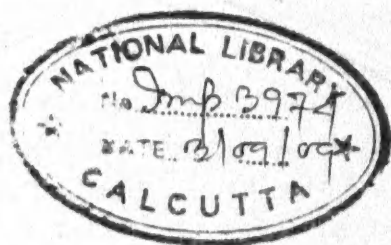


CHITRALIPI

By
RABINDRANATH TAGORE



RARE BOOK



VISVA-BHARATI BOOK SHOP
210, CORNWALLIS STREET, CALCUTTA

२५

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THE world of sound is a tiny bubble in the silence of the infinite. The Universe has its only language of gesture, it talks in the voice of pictures and dance. Every object in this world proclaims in the dumb signal of lines and colours the fact that it is not a mere logical abstraction or a mere thing of use, but it is unique in itself, it carries the miracle of its existence.

There are countless things which we know but do not recognise them in their own dignity of truth, independent of the fact that they are injurious or beneficial. It is enough that a flower exists as a flower, but my cigarette has no other claim upon me for its recognition but as being subservient to my smoking habit.

But there are other things which in their dynamic quality of rhythm or character make us insistently acknowledge the fact that they *are*. In the book of creation they are the sentences that are underlined with coloured pencil and we cannot pass them by. They seem to cry to us "See, here I am," and our mind bows its head and never questions "Why are you?"

In a picture the artist creates the language of undoubted reality, and we are satisfied that we see. It may not be the representation of a beautiful woman but that of a commonplace donkey, or of something that has no external credential of truth in nature but only in its own inner artistic significance.

People often ask me about the meaning of my pictures. I remain silent even as my pictures are. It is for them to *express* and not to *explain*. They have nothing ulterior behind their own appearance for the thoughts to explore and words to describe and if that appearance carries its ultimate worth then they remain, otherwise they are rejected and forgotten even though they may have some scientific truth or ethical justification.

It is related in the drama of Sakuntala, how one busy morning there stood humbly before the maiden of the forest-hermitage a stranger youth who did not give his name. Her soul acknowledged him at once without question. She did not *know* him, but only *saw* him and for her he was the artist God's masterpiece to which must be offered the full value of love.

Days passed by. There came at her gate another guest, a venerable sage who was formidable. And, sure of his claim to a dutiful welcome, proudly he announced "I am here!" But she missed his voice, for it did not carry with it an inherent meaning, it needed a commentary of household virtue, pious words of sanction which could assign a sacred value to a guest, the value that was not of the irresponsible art, but of moral responsibility. Love is kindred to art, it is inexplicable. Duty can be measured by the degree of its benefit, utility by the profit and power it may bring, but art by nothing but itself. There are other factors of life which are visitors that come and go, Art is the guest that comes and remains. The others may be important, but art is inevitable.

Rabindranath Tagore



PLATE 1

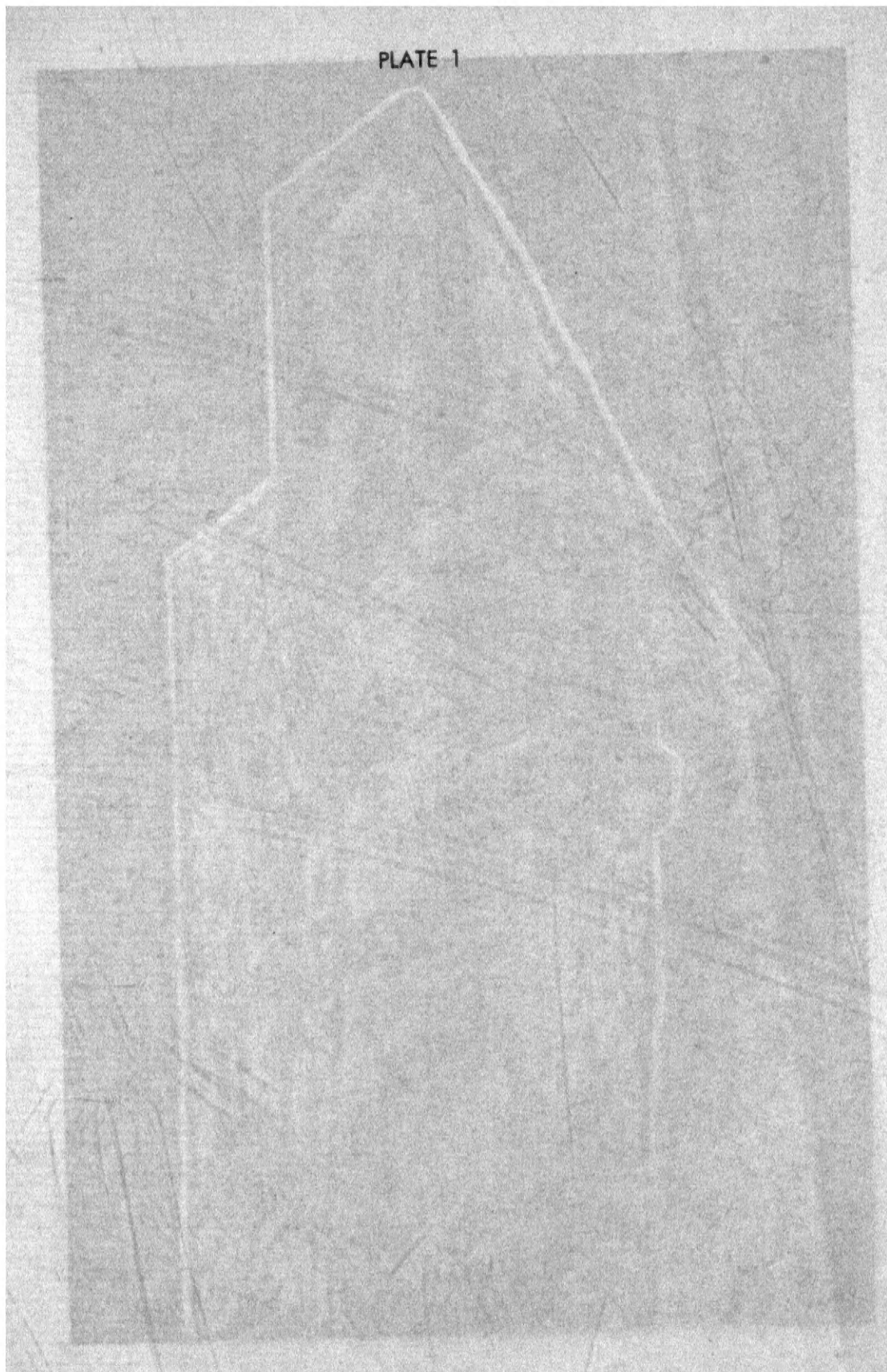




PLATE 2



PLATE 3

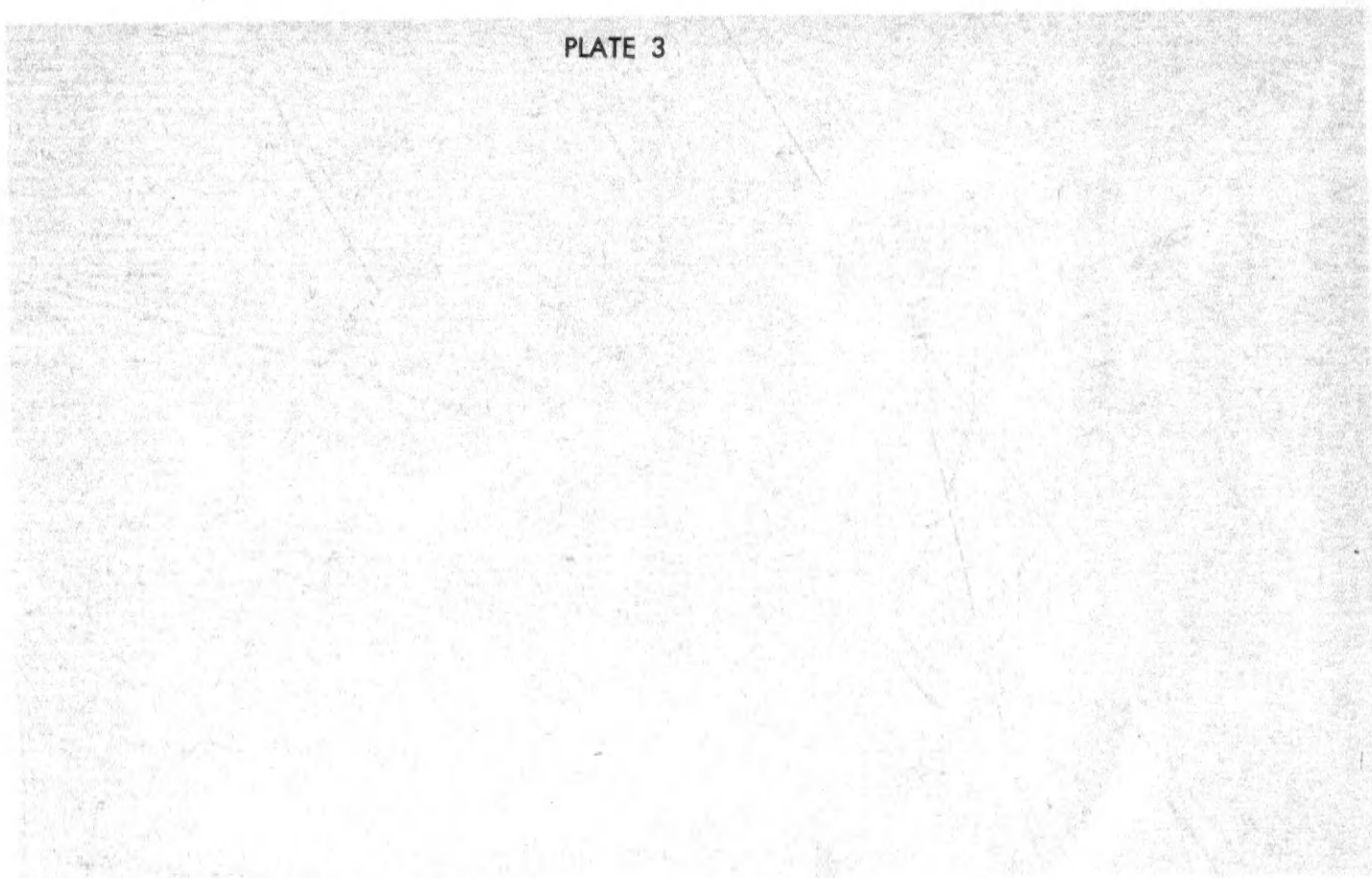




PLATE 4





PLATE 6



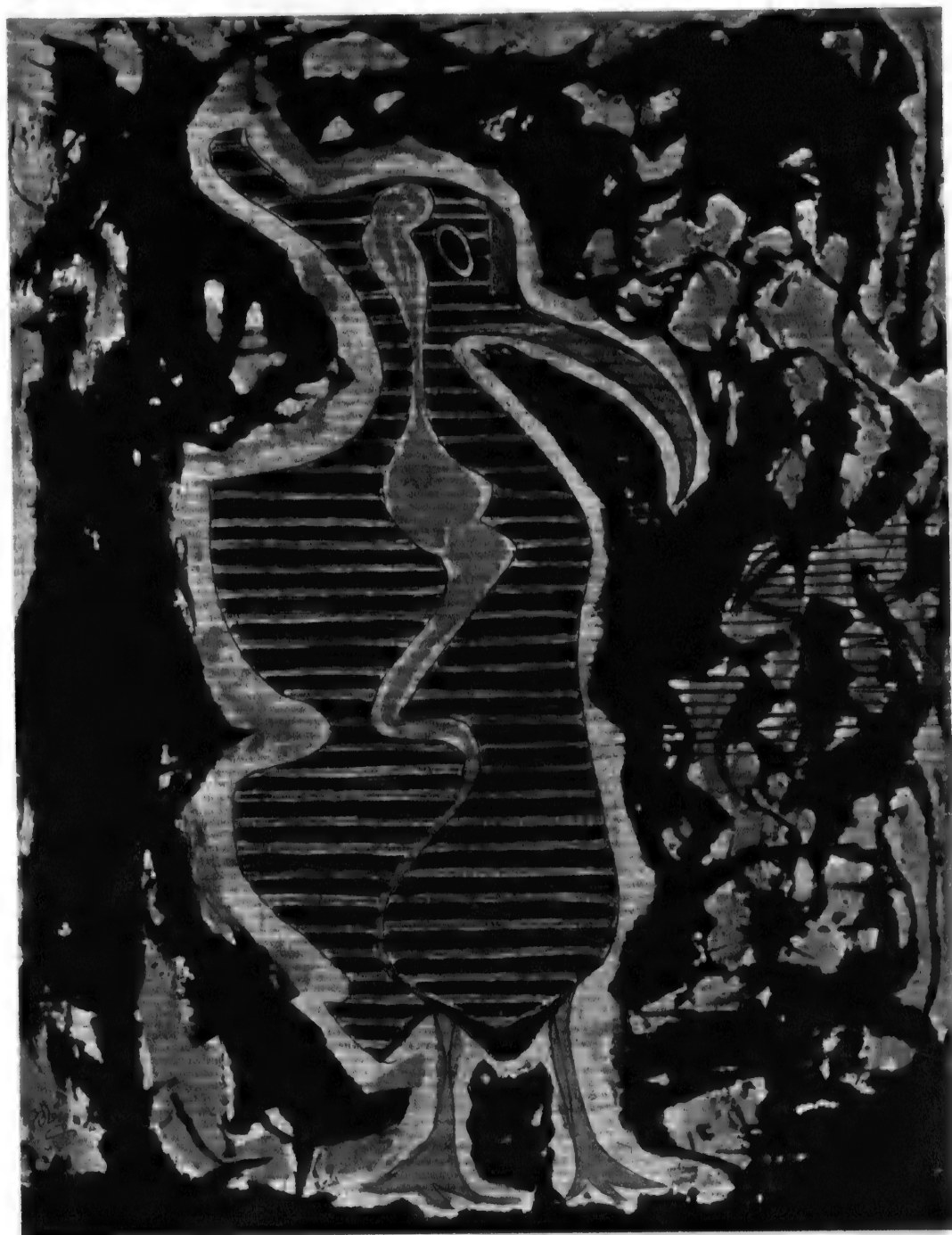


PLATE 7





PLATE 8





PLATE 9





PLATE 10





PLATE 11



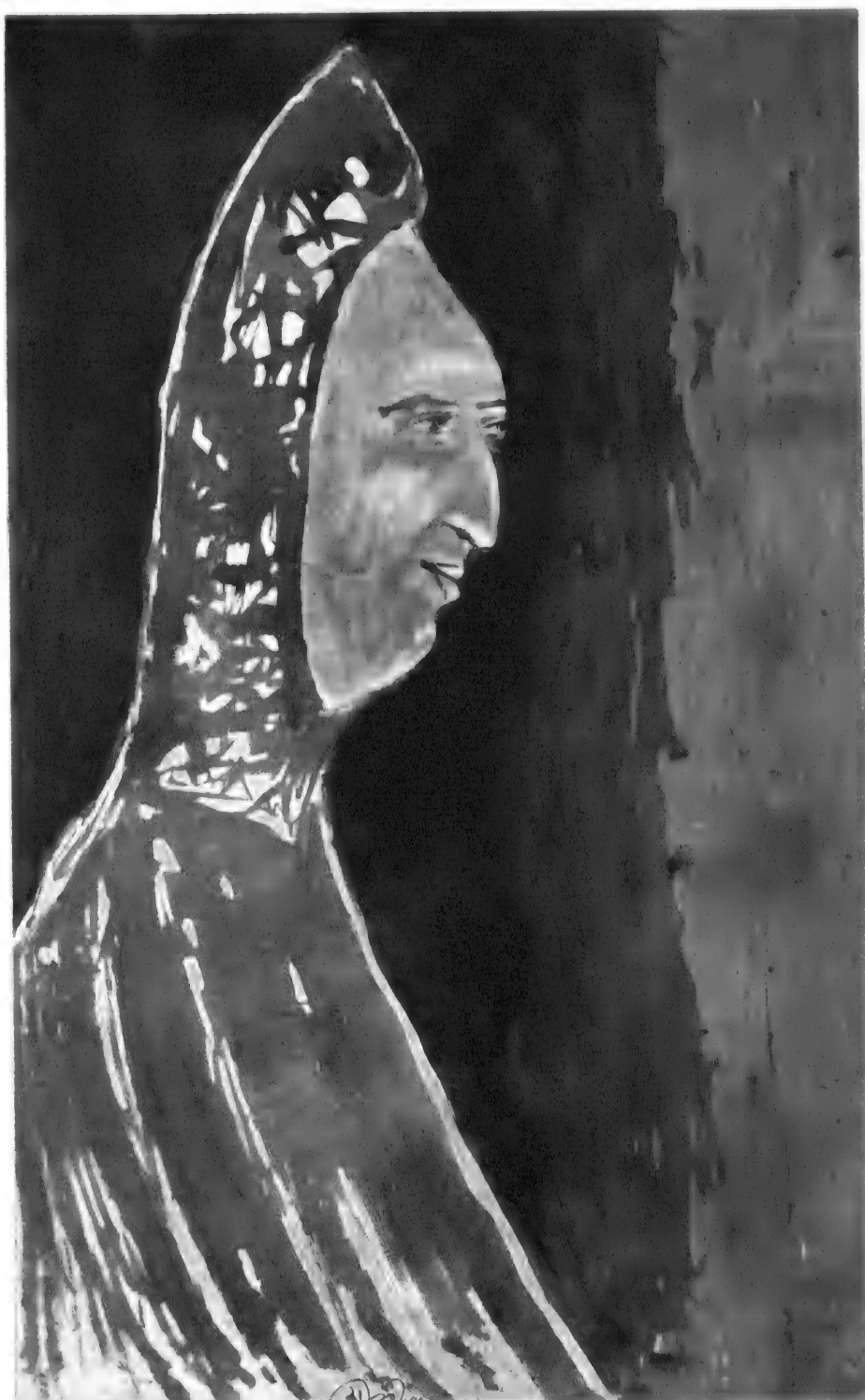


PLATE 12





PLATE 13





PLATE 14





PLATE 15



PLATE 16

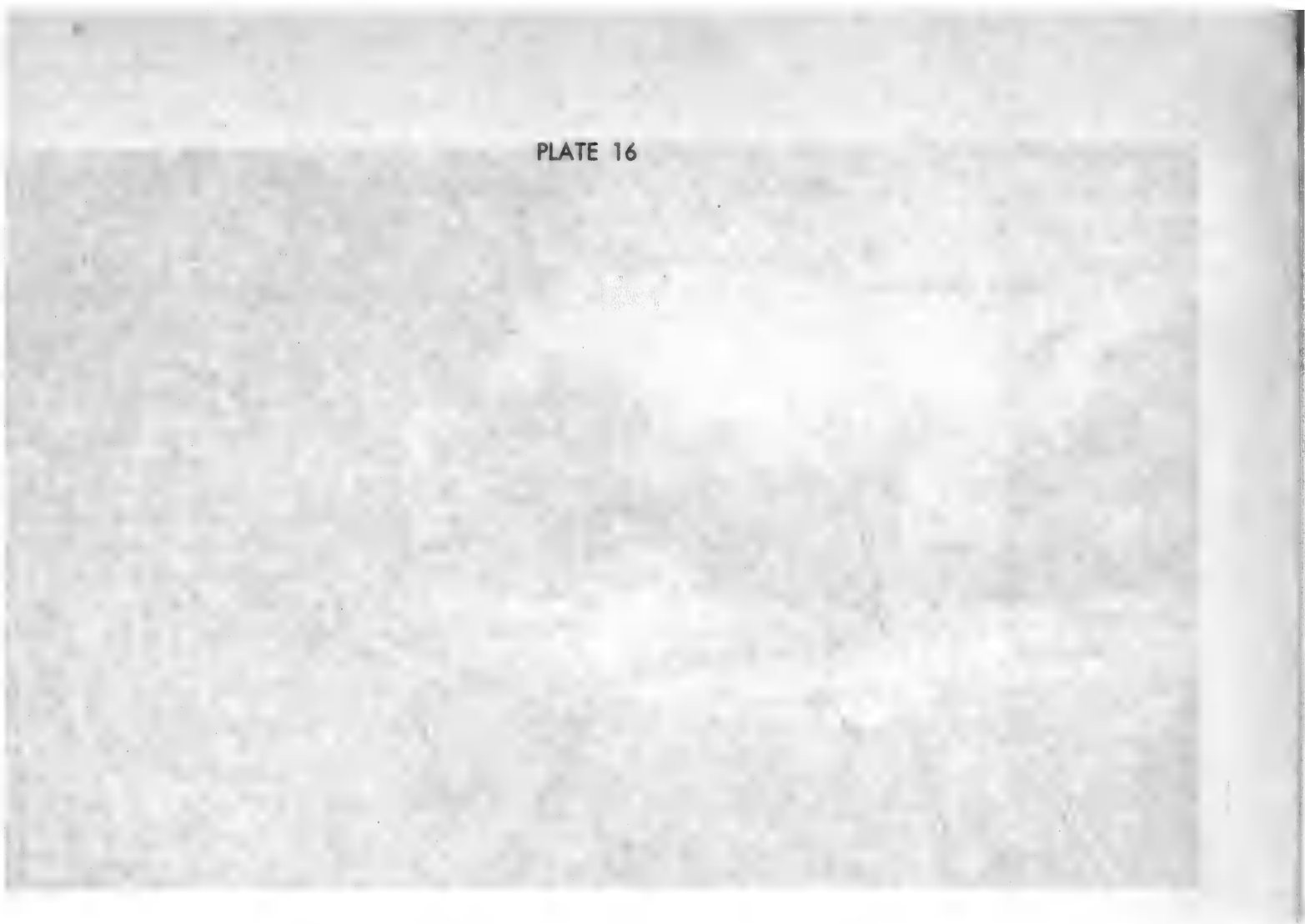




PLATE 17.







তবু চিত্রলোমা দেবী, অমর আর, তোমার মহিমা
 যদি খবর করে থাকি দিতে গিয়া থাকে/তোমার সীমা,
 থাকে/হস্তিত তুমি। আসন পূজায় আসনাত
 নিয়ম আছে নিজে দাত দেয়া, তোমার মস্তিষ্ক
 ক্রমেই ফুটবে। সমস্তের যে কণ্ঠে স্রোত
 প্রবাহিত হয়/তবু, তার দিকে বাক্যে দিলে তোমার।
 তোমার আশ্রয় নিল, মায়া যখন চাইল/তবু
 থাকে/তবু, অর্থ তবু তোমার হাত/তবু গিয়া/তবু ॥

২০ জুলাই
 ১৯৩৬

বহিঃস্থান/তবু

Lazy of Lines,
 these words are not an alien invasion
 come to set a limit to your realm.
 They are but some noisy birds
 that for a moment flit across your garden
 while your meaning lies far beyond their chirpings.

21/7/36

PLATE 1

ଅମଳିନୀ ପୁରୀ ପ୍ରାୟ
ପ୍ରାୟ ୧୫ ମି.
ଅମଳିନୀ ପୁରୀ
ଅମଳିନୀ ପୁରୀ ॥
ଅମଳିନୀ ପୁରୀ

The picture of the tender
engraved on the strong hand.

PLATE 2

ਭਾਗ ਭਾਗ ਭਾਗ ਭਾਗ ਭਾਗ ਭਾਗ,
ਭਾਗ ਭਾਗ ਭਾਗ ਭਾਗ ਭਾਗ
ਭਾਗ ਭਾਗ ਭਾਗ ਭਾਗ
ਭਾਗ ਭਾਗ ਭਾਗ ਭਾਗ
ਭਾਗ ਭਾਗ ਭਾਗ ਭਾਗ

The phantoms of faces
Come unbidden into my vacant hours.

PLATE 3

॥ नमो भगवते वासुदेवाय ॥
नमो भगवते वासुदेवाय
नमो भगवते वासुदेवाय
नमो भगवते वासुदेवाय

Memory leaves its traces
On the screen of oblivion
as the mind lingers
on its wayside wanderings,

PLATE 4

eye with eye

eye with eye

eye with eye

The eyes seeking for the enigma of things
capture the boundless nothing.

PLATE 5

मनसो ज्ञानं
सर्वत्र भवति
एवमेव हि
ज्ञानं भवति

My mind the traveller
builds its own shrines of pilgrimage
never yst charted.

PLATE 6

॥ राधादेव नमो ह्य
देवता तूति त्रयं श्रुत्वा
/ त्वं देवि त्वं नमो
नमो देवि देवि देवि

The birds of the fairyland
resting in my childhood's dream
is captured in my lines

PLATE 7

ଅନୁରାଗ ଶବ୍ଦ ଶୁଣିବାକୁ ମନେ
ନାହିଁ । ଅନୁରାଗ ଶବ୍ଦ ଶୁଣିବାକୁ ମନେ
ନାହିଁ । ଅନୁରାଗ ଶବ୍ଦ ଶୁଣିବାକୁ ମନେ

The ancient whispers
shut in a stony gesture
carry the sadness of lost meaning.

PLATE 8

॥ अस्मिन् मन्त्रे कृष्ण-शुक्ल-पट्ट-योरुपासनायाः
प्रार्थनायाः अर्थः अस्ति । अस्मिन् मन्त्रे
कृष्ण-शुक्ल-पट्ट-योरुपासनायाः प्रार्थनायाः
अर्थः अस्ति ।

The black and white threads
create the destiny of man
into a mystery of entanglements,

PLATE 9

ଆମମାନଙ୍କ ଜୀବନର ଉପରେ ଏହି ପଦାର୍ଥର ପ୍ରଭାବ କିପରି ହେଉଛି ତାହା
ଆମମାନଙ୍କ ଜୀବନର ଉପରେ କିପରି ପ୍ରଭାବ ପଡ଼ିଛି ତାହା ।

ਮਾਮਲਾ ਨੰਬਰ ੨੩੫੫੨੨
੨੩ ਜੁਲਾਈ ੨੦੨੨

५८. ५४ कनक शिव ॥

செய்யப்பட்டது.

Life chained to an imperfect mind
sends its agonised cry.

ମୌନ ଅନ୍ଧାର
 ହୃଦୟ ଦିଆଇ କିନ୍ତୁ ପନାଏ କାଳ ।
 କାହାରି ହୃଦୟ ହିଁକାୟା, ଏକ
 କାହାରି;
 କାହାରି ଏକ ଏକ ହୃଦୟ ନାହିଁ
 କାହାରି ହୃଦୟ ହିଁକାୟା ॥

(ସ୍ୱାକ୍ଷର)

The meeting of hearts
 leaves its trace
 on the screen of silence.

PLATE 11

॥ निरालस शिखर, शिखर शिखर शिखर ॥
 निरालस शिखर शिखर शिखर ॥
 निरालस शिखर शिखर शिखर ॥
 निरालस शिखर शिखर शिखर ॥

A strange face, uninvited
hovers before my brush
making me wonder
whence does it appear.

PLATE 12

ॐ श्रीगणेशाय नमः
 अक्षयिनीयं नमः,
 अथ वा नमः अक्षयिनीयं नमः
 अथ वा नमः अक्षयिनीयं नमः ॥
 अक्षयिनीयं नमः

The dark takes form
 in the heart of the white
 and reveals it.

PLATE 13

ମନେ ଦିଅନ୍ତି ଯେ ଶୁଣି ଯେ ମନ
 ମନେ ଦିଅନ୍ତି ଯେ ଶୁଣି ଯେ ମନ
 ମନେ ଦିଅନ୍ତି ଯେ ଶୁଣି ଯେ ମନ
 ମନେ ଦିଅନ୍ତି ଯେ ଶୁଣି ଯେ ମନ
 ମନେ ଦିଅନ୍ତି ଯେ ଶୁଣି ଯେ ମନ
 ମନେ ଦିଅନ୍ତି ଯେ ଶୁଣି ଯେ ମନ

The days' gains and losses
 are lost to their sight
 when they gaze at an unrevealed promise
 gleaming out from the dark.

PLATE 14

ଶିଳ୍ପିତ ମୂଳା ମହାବଳୀୟାମ୍ବ
 ଯେ ହରି ଲିଖିତ ଡିଡ଼ିଂ ଗାମ୍ବ
 ମହାବଳୀୟାମ୍ବ ଶିଳ୍ପିତ ମାମ୍ବ
 ଯେ ହରି ଗାମ୍ବ ମାମ୍ବ ଗାମ୍ବ
 ଶିଳ୍ପିତ ମାମ୍ବ ॥
 ଶିଳ୍ପିତ ମାମ୍ବ

I have searched out the cave of the primitive
 in my mind
 with its etchings of animals

PLATE 15

ସମସ୍ତେ ତାହା କହିବାକୁ ଚାହୁଁଛନ୍ତି

କିନ୍ତୁ ତାହା କିଛି ନୁହେଁ ।

ତାହା ଏକ ସ୍ତ୍ରୀ ଯିଏ ଏକ ସ୍ତ୍ରୀ ନୁହେଁ

କିନ୍ତୁ ତାହା ଏକ ସ୍ତ୍ରୀ ନୁହେଁ ॥

ସିନ୍ଧୁଗଡ଼

She is the woman ever strange to me
and yet I seem to know her..

PLATE 16

Fragmente
der Kunstwerke
des Altertums
sind in der
Kunst der
Neuzeit
wieder
verbunden

Fragments of forms stored in the mind
combine in pictures at the magic touch
of art.

॥ वाचं धेनुमुपासीत ॥ वाचं धेनुमुपासीत ॥
 वाचं धेनुमुपासीत ॥ वाचं धेनुमुपासीत ॥
 वाचं धेनुमुपासीत ॥ वाचं धेनुमुपासीत ॥
 वाचं धेनुमुपासीत ॥ वाचं धेनुमुपासीत ॥

Life began its dubious chapter
 With an exaggeration of flesh.
 The little man came to solve the doubt
 from Creator's mind.

ਭਾਗੀਰਥੀ
॥ ਸ੍ਰੀ ਗੁਰੂ ਗ੍ਰੰਥ ਸਾਹਿਬ ਜੀ ॥
ਸ੍ਰੀ ਗੁਰੂ ਗ੍ਰੰਥ ਸਾਹਿਬ ਜੀ
ਸ੍ਰੀ ਗੁਰੂ ਗ੍ਰੰਥ ਸਾਹਿਬ ਜੀ
ਸ੍ਰੀ ਗੁਰੂ ਗ੍ਰੰਥ ਸਾਹਿਬ ਜੀ

The blocks of stupid stones
gagged Earth's voice
till the first flower came
and her meaning was freed.